

THE FORUM

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NOVEMBER 1912

OUR NEXT PRESIDENT

EUGENE COWLES POMEROY

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE: ITS PREROGATIVES
AND POSSIBILITIES

JOHN WALKER HOLCOMBE

THE HERITAGE

ALFRED NOYES

TWO LOVE-POEMS

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T. EVERETT HARRÉ

EDITORIAL NOTES

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Dear Louis: You say this was the last of poems I
sold to a magazine. I suppose you have collected
them. I take your word for it. — R.

MY NOVEMBER GUEST

ROBERT FROST

MY Sorrow, when she's here with me,
Thinks these dark days of autumn rain
Are beautiful as days can be:
She loves both bare and withered tree;
She walks the sodden pasture lane.

Her pleasure will not let me stay.
She talks and I am fain to list:
She's glad the birds have gone away;
She's glad her simple worsted gray
Is silvered now with clinging mist.

The fallen, bird-forsaken breeze,
The faded earth, the heavy sky,
The beauties she so truly sees,
She thinks I have no eye for these,
And vexes me for reason why.

Not yesterday I learned to know
The love of bare November days
Before the coming of the snow;
But it were vain to tell her so,
And they are better for her praise.

THE ETERNAL MAIDEN

T. EVERETT HARRÉ

PRELUDE

Long ages ago, darkness brooded over the frozen world and held in its thrall the unreleased waters of the glacial seas. There was no animal life upon the land, and in the depth of the waters no living thing stirred. Kokoyah, the water god, breathed not; Tornahhuchsua, the earth spirit, who rules above the spirits of the wind and air, was veiled in dark melancholy. Men had risen like willows from the frozen earth; but, although they lived, they were as the dead. They spake not, neither did they hunt, nor eat, nor die. Then the Great Spirit, whose name is not known, placed upon earth a man, in his arms the strength to kill, in his heart the spark of animal passion. And in that flowerless arctic Eden, out of its bounteous compassion, the Great Spirit placed also a maiden, her face beautiful with the virgin youth of the world, in her bosom implanted a yearning, not unmixed with fear, for love. Gazing upon her, the youth's heart stirred with desire, the maiden's with virginal terror. The maiden fled, the youth followed. Over the desolate icy mountains the fleet foot of the youth sped with the swiftness of the wind gods, over the silent white seas the maiden with the elusiveness of the air spirits. In the heart of the youth throbbed the passion of love, indomitable, eternal, which the blasting breath of time should never kill. In the maiden's bosom quaked a reasonless shame, an unconquerable terror. Surrounded by her whirling cloud of hair, the maiden sprang, untiring, across the wild white world. His strength failing, the youth pantingly followed. Thousands of years passed; the breathless pursuit continued; the maiden's nebulous hair became shot with streaks of golden fire, from her eyes beams of light streamed across the world over which she exultantly, fearfully bounded; the tremulous faltering youth's face paled until it shone silvery in the darkness, and the beads of perspiration on his forehead glowed with a strange lustre. Reaching, in their mad race, the very end of the world, the maiden leaped, fiery, into space, and her hair becoming suddenly molten, she became the sun—the eternal maiden Sukh-eh-nukh, the beautiful, the all-desired. Utterly exhausted, his wan arms yearningly outstretched, the youth swooned after her into the heavens, and was transformed into the moon—the melancholy, ever-desiring, and ever-sorrowing moon. In the smile of Sukh-eh-nukh the seas melted. Walrus and narwhals, seals and whales came into being on the bosom of Kokoyah; on the earth the snows disappeared, and the brow of Tornahhuchsua was crowned with green grasses and starry flowers. Men hunted game, women laughed for joy; they beat drums, they danced, they sang. By the eternal, unrequited passion of the lovers in the skies, happiness and plenty came upon the earth. But, with Light, came also Death. Jealous of men's happiness, Perdlugssua, the Great Evil, brought sickness; he struck men on the hunt, on the seas, in the mountains. He was ever feared. He made the Great Dark terrible. But when the night became bright with the melancholy silver of the moon,

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